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MURPHY ON LIBERALITY

Love the Path To All People's Hearts.

SUNDAY AT CENTRAL UNION

The Temperance Lecturer Makes Two Addresses To Big Audiences.

Last night there were over twelve hundred people at Central Union Church to hear the Murphy sermon. They poured into the big auditorium until every seat was filled, and the aisles were jammed to the doors with chairs; they thronged the corridors and the steps of the church, and at the side entrances the doorways were filled. Mr. Murphy was as witty, as sympathetic, and as magnetic as usual, and his epigrams as frequent and as straight to the point. The choir was made up from all the churches, and the singing was excellent, a solo being rendered by Mrs. Otis.

Mr. Murphy read several passages from the Bible and preached upon all of them. In his sermon he said he had been criticized because he had not "continuity," but he said he had no idea what that meant, and "God be praised, he got along very well without it, whatever it was." So he did. He took first one text and then another, but the whole theme of them all was brotherly love, as it always is with the venerable veteran of temperance.

Said he, "Beloved, the Lord has got an invitation card out; let us see how many of us are invited. I am going to read it to you; listen: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' There are you? It? I tell you most of us don't get out such liberal invitations. We get up our little cards and invite people to our house to dinner, but, bless your heart, we pretty near always invite those that we are dead sure are going to invite us to go and eat dinner with them, so we'll get it back again. I tell you, my friends, don't you know we ought to do a whole lot more of inviting? Don't you know there are a lot of young fellows away from home, and girls, too, bless their hearts, working away down here with nobody to care about 'em in particular, and we want to get in and invite them to our house to dinner once in awhile."

"Say, don't you know that the sight of a little baby toddling around the house is going to do some fellows good? Why, when he sees the dear little thing toddling around and prattling, it's going to remind him of his own little baby at home, and it'll keep his heart soft, and he'll take the little one up in his arm and he'll kiss it, and it'll do him a whole lot of good; yes it will! Say, you folks get in and be sociable; that's the way to keep men straight; let 'em see a little of home life and home love and make friends of 'em and give 'em somewhere to go to besides the places where they'll drink. Those little toddlers running around; why, it's the sight of a little toddler, and such things as that, that stir men and bless them. There are a whole lot of lonely fellows sitting in their rooms at night, looking over photographs, and with nowhere to go. You get in and look after those fellows. You know how to do it, and you'll enjoy it, bless your heart."

"You needn't be so busy as you think you are. I know that business is a great thing, and that some of you have got hardly time to speak to your neighbor, and, Lord bless you, you haven't got hardly time to be civil to him. Say, don't be like that; speak to the fellow, and anyhow, take time to get acquainted with your family! Why, up in the city of Pittsburgh, when they startled the world with the great discovery of natural gas, people got awful busy. They got hold of the gas and they chafed it up and began to use it for fuel, and made a cleft in the earth and it just poured out; don't you know that there were a dozen or so millionaires jumping around there and managing things—so busy getting rich they didn't know what to do."

"Everybody, you know, bless their hearts, and the husband's rush home and read his letters, and when the baby would come up and want to kiss papa, why he'd tell it to go away because he was busy, and the poor little thing would cry to itself, poor little abused baby! And he'd swallow down his breakfast and start off, and grab his hat, and the little wife would say, 'Tom, are you going without kissing me?' and, bless your heart, he'd start on the run and say, 'Ain't got time; too busy; consider yourself kissed; good-bye!' and he was gone. Oh, my wasn't that too bad. He was too busy, that man. He hurt that poor little baby's feelings, and don't you know it's an awful thing to hurt a child's feelings? Yes it is! There's something in the Bible about sparing the rod, and all that kind of thing, but that has been pretty religiously observed already; yes, indeed it has; and you can afford to let it go; yes you can; and if you have got a rod in the house, you take and throw it out, and buy a stick of candy instead! You'll find you get along a whole lot better, and you'll get a whole lot more work out of a boy with a stick of candy than you will out of a hickory stick!"

"I have had a whole lot of time to forgive my enemies, and I have forgiven 'em all, God be praised, but there's one fellow that I have to keep on forgiving all the time, for he keeps popping up in my mind and he won't down, no matter how much I forgive him. He was my first school teacher, and he was a terror. "Thank God for the way the world is enlightened, and the improvements in our schools. Why, the children love their teachers now, and they run away to school in the mornings to meet them because they love them. Oh, I tell you it's an awful thing to do a child a wrong. All my life I have thought of that 'Savage,' and I have to keep on forgiving him all the time. Listen, Christ says His yoke is easy. Yes, His yoke is easy, and the burden is light. Don't you know there's lots in the kind of yoke you wear? There was a man in the East made a national reputation by inventing a yoke. It was an easy yoke, and when the oxen tried to draw a heavy load they could do it, because the yoke fit them. Another man tried to make yokes, and they were beautiful yokes, but when the oxen started to draw the heavy load it choked them, and 'they could not. The yoke of Christ is easy, and it will help you to draw your burden when you're heavy laden. When I first came to America I went to work on a farm and the Yankee put me to driving oxen. I didn't know any more about driving oxen than the man in the moon. Well, I saw this man giving his oxen nubbins of corn, and they followed him about and loved him. "There was another man that beat his

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oxen and never fed them nubbins of corn, and those oxen were ugly and cross, and there was no love in their hearts for the master. Oh, it pays to be kind. When you know that a dumb beast can be made to love you through kindness, don't you think it is safe to try it on a human being? Well, one day that Yankee went away and left me to drive the oxen, and I had to put the yokes on. I was afraid of the big fellows, but I was onto the corn business. I went into the shed, and I didn't see the bins full of nubbins of corn; I just saw a lot of big ears of corn hanging on the wall; so I got 'em down and filled my pockets full of 'em, and when I handed one out to an ox he reached out his cherry tongue and he just took it and smiled all over his face. I didn't have any trouble after that; I got the yokes on and they followed me around looking for more corn. I loved them and they loved me, all for a little kindness.

"One day I was fixing the oxen's yokes on 'em, and the Yankee man came out of the shed and he says, 'Say, do you know where that seed corn is that was hangin' up?' Well, I looked at the oxen and they looked at me, but the oxen never said a word—and I didn't. I tell you those two oxen were my first friends in America, and I never will forget them. One day that Yankee, he played a joke on me. On those Yankees, they are full of mischief. Maybe there are some Yankees here tonight, and if you are a Yankee I can tell you, you are fond of your fun; if you had a poor Irishman on your farm, now I'll just bet you, you would have some sport, wouldn't you? Well, that Yankee man, bless his heart, he got me to milk a cow. He put me at a cow that had a reputation all over the country for kickin', and he gave me a one-legged stool, and I didn't know how I was going to manage that piece of furniture. The Yankee man, he was over in the other side of the corral, and he was watching me out of the tail of his eye, and he was milkin' away like this—

(Mr. Murphy here gave a ludicrous imitation of an expert milker at work). I said, 'Bossy, so, so, Bossy'; I hauled up my stool cautiously, and got up to the cow, and then I started in. Next thing I didn't know anything. That little cow lifted up her foot and set it down very swiftly somewhere about my chest, and sent me flying through the air about twenty feet. It took me some little time to come to myself, bless your heart, and I was kind of dazed, but that Yankee man was laughing; oh, he was enjoying that joke. Say, the pall hasn't been found yet. I don't know where it is!

"I tell you when I saw that Yankee man laughing I prayed for him. Yes, I did, but I hope the good Lord didn't answer the prayer I said in respect to him! Say, did you notice that last on the invitation card that Christ has given out? It says, 'And I will give you rest—rest, isn't that a nice word when you are tired? Just ask a poor soldier who has been tramped, tramped, oh, so long, and he can hardly keep up with his regiment, and they come into camp and the poor fellow drops down—ask him if rest isn't a sweet thing. He will tell you, God bless and pity him! Ask the poor, brave, weary, little mothers that toll in the night-time, and sacrifice, that their little ones might be clothed and fed; they can tell you, too. I have often seen my little mother at her spinning wheel, spinning and spinning when I'd wake up in the night. I would say, 'Mother, aren't you tired?' and, bless her dear heart, she'd say, 'No, not a bit.' Never complaining and always working, her burden was love, and that made it easy. I tell you, religion is rest, that's what it is, and it's religion that Christ means." Mr. Murphy related a number of little anecdotes, humorous and pathetic, and drew from each a pretty moral. He told of his own conversion, and his first night in prayer meeting; how he knelt with the rest, and in praying by turns, the prayers kept coming closer and closer to him. He said he was frightened, and kept saying to himself, "It's coming, closer, it's coming closer, oh Lord, it's

going to be me next." Finally it came to him and he started out timidly, but he wound up with such a prayer as he had never dreamed of making; it was a prayer for himself and all his comrades, and it aroused such a feeling that there was a great meeting, and people said there had never been such a prayer service in the building before.

Speaking of those who criticize the church and its ministers, Mr. Murphy invited anyone who thought they could do better to come ahead and to mount the pulpit and take the task off the ministers' hands; if they could do it better they were welcome to do it. He related a little story of a wrestling match at school, in which he was having a hard time to keep his feet, and some boy not in the match kept calling out, "Why don't you use the cross-toe trick, Frank?" He said that boy didn't know what he was talking about, because if he had tried to use the cross-toe the other fellow would have landed him on his back. He

drew a comparison between the boy who yelled and the people who stayed on the outside of the church and criticized the ministers.

Mr. Murphy concluded his sermon with a strong appeal in the cause of the pledge, and while the invitational hymn was sung he continued his appeal. Many men, women and children came forward placing their names on the pledge and accepting the blue ribbon. "It was a glorious meeting," said Francis Murphy. Rev. Kincaid also made a brief but strong address. The collection taken up amounted to \$164. The meetings will continue Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings; whether or not they will be kept up longer has not yet been decided upon.

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